

*The Doting DOCTOR,*

OR,

*The Icarion PREACHER,*

Calculated for the better instruction of

King *BLAKE* of *Coven-Garden*:

Representing the Meridian of his Dunghill Embassie,  
where the Pole is elevated many Degrees beyond  
the Manners of the King the Author.

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By N. E. Gent. 1655.

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1. Tim. 3. 6.

*Not a Novice, lest being lifted up &c.*

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Printed in the Yeare, 1655.

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OR

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Instruction for the better instruction of  
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*The Doting Doctor,*  
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*The Icarion Preacher.*

**B**Eloved, these are Dayes of Liberty, in which we may bee free to speake or write our mindes ( we hope) in Detection of any presumption whatsoever, without any prejudice to Church, or State &c. Our busines therefore is to treat a little of a large Pamphlet set forth by one *Blake* a Draper, being thus entitled, viz: *An Embassy from the Kings of the East to his Highness the Lord Protector*, wherein the man at first vaunteeth highly, aiming at no low things, but in the end, for want of matter spirituall enough (for to the spirit he pretends much) he dawbs with untempered mortar not suiting the purpose of what he pretends too, so that of all his tedious trifling discourse wee may say with *Horace*,

—— *amphora capis*  
*Institui currente rota cur arceus exit.*

It did begin at first to be a pot of Largest size,  
But in the end pot would not come, but pitcher did arise.

We pass by our Preface and come to the subject matter of our discourse, viz. the Book as above Entitled, which seems to me to consist of nothing but a messe of spirituall *Nonsense*, & falseious stuffe, altogether unbecoming such an Embassage, proceeding from so great a King of the East, but may it please your Majesty (if you are a King) to discover to us that *Samuel* who anoynted your Grace: if you cannot, wee shall take you to bee more Ambitious then truly vertuous or Religious.

Secondly, if you are a King of the East, I demand then what star hath led you so far out of the way, or why you relate nothing of your starry Conductor &c. Thirdly, if so be you are a true King of the East, wherfore looked you not on those Royall Presidents who followed the star at the birth of our Blessed Savior, viz. *Gaspar, Balthazar, Melchior* and in imitation brought some presents which the East Country had afforded to declare you to have bin a reall King of the East, for the story hath it thus of them, v. z.

*Gaspar with his Myrrhe began these presents to unfold  
Then Melchior brought in Frankincense, & Balthazar brought Gold.*

But not one word of any such thing doe I fynd you pretend to offer at all: well then seeing it is consistent with Reason, that you should be a King of the East part of the world, we will see how it may relate to the East of England, the situation of your Highness house is Goven Garden, London, which is indeed something North East, or (to speak like a Marriner) East and by North from Charing Crosse, which imports you to bee no King of the East here neither: this favors now something of Pride, but before I sum up the totall, it may be hee hath the East side of Worcester house to Preach in (some may say) and so may entitle himselfe King of the East from thence, if he should have the East side of the house to preach in, as he hath not, yet could not hee be called King of the East for that at all; but oh that Royall *Gaspar* were alive, what would hee say to this puny King for his presumption? surely thus might he disdain such an unworthy comparison:

*Simia quam simili turpissima bestia nobis.*

I must needs wonder when I see, a pouch-mouth'd Ape so like to me.

Thus have we noted the manner of the man, wee come now to his Learning, which is much of the same stamp, with his manners, he begins with an Epistle to my Lord Protector, and another to the Israel of God; in the first his Grace is something doubtfull of the constancy of *Atlas*, deems him to be drawing away his shoulders, letting the Heavens and Eternity so low, that he fears an intended conjunction before he be well prepared &c. In the second, he professes not to care who rules, so Christ and his Saints Reign, viz. Those who are best at praying and Preaching, Renowned King  
*William*

*William* (but no Conqueror) heere is something of modesty in these words, if you mean onely spiritually; but I would propose one thing to your consideration; have you not, think you, expulst your selfe heer from Rule, in your desire that onely those who are best at praying and preaching might Re-ign? I hope, my Liedge, you are convinced of your own deficiency in both, as not being so excellent in either, as to be accounted or approved of, as one who is best at praying and preaching unless you are of the same opinion as you were some yeers since at Somerset-house, to conclude those best at both which cannot say, Boh to a Goose, as my selfe heard your hartinesse most pittifullly affirm.

But now his Majesty vants of the Saints Managements, tells his Reader it is enough for *Peter, Paul, James, Jack, or John*, and the poore saints so to doe, &c. before I aske his wisdom what to doe, I demand of him in what Diary, Kalender, or Chronicle of Saints he ever found Saint *Jack*, I know no reason his Excellency hath to gainsay the Anabaptist since himselfe is turnd Anabaptizer of saints, now would I know what this Saint *Jack* with the rest of his fellowes should do, or what is enough for them to do, but my good King *William* tells me nothing of that but som of his fellow Kings (were they not all Buzzards or blockheads) might tell him hee did more then enough, when he writt such a Mountaine of Non-sence and illiterate stuffe, unbecomming so great a King of the East.

Instead of his impu lencies Picture hee presents us with the Portraict of a bird, which hee calles an Eagle, with a pen in the mouth of it read / made, though it bee better knowne (then his kingly witt) that an Eagle is not commonly trayned up to writing, and indeed Eagles are birds which are very rare and seldome found in England, how his Malmfines got this into his Cage (wee know not) but much wonder, but Considering the paucity of such Birds heere, I must beleieve that as his Embassy consists of nothing but figments and owly-glasses and shaddowes, so hath he cut and carbed this shaddow of the Eagles writing after the conceite of his Beefe- Braind understanding &c.

*Pag. 1.* Come wee now to the Embassie it selfe, which wee will but touch lightly, lest we should glorifie this pretended King

too much, in the very entry hee howles abominably for his Liberty and his *Magna Charta* purchased by the blood of Christ &c. as if there were no such thing granted as the freedom of Spirit. *Pag. 7.* Hee goes on charging m/ *L. P.* with keeping the Libertyes of his good King from him, with abundance more of the same stamp: and in the end of his jabberings, tells us hee is so straitned hee cannot owne Christ in the Congregations, nor make use of his priviledges in exercising his gifts there, and tis his sin and shame to keep silent any longer: how faire would this Moule cast a shadow like an Elephant, how willingly would *E/ops* Crow become an Eagle? a sin and shame, to be silent any longer do you say, sir, nor I hope: unlesse your preaching transcend your writing; for know, that a foole is knowne by the multitude of words, but may it please your Highness, who hath thus abridged you of your freedom? why did not your Grace continue your exercises longer at Somersethouse, when no one offered to quench the rustling motions of your *E/au* like Spirit? I doubt your Majesty had canted Nonsense so long there that you had prated your selfe ashamed, and so deserted your Ministry and Auditory both together? and yet now you are ashamed to keep silence any longer? O wrestles King of the East, neither well, full, nor fasting, will neither preaching nor silence satisfie you? sure you have been overtaken with some Epidemick fit, which hath mightily exhausted the treasury of your Majesties wisdom, and now your Hogsheads empty, how can wee expect otherwise but that it should sound? but hee goes on still girding at my Lord *P.* O. my Lord *Cromwell*, (saith he) under God our Protector, if you say that the time is not yet come and defer us one moment longer, God will lay you by ——— out of the hearts of his dearest ones, and raise deliverance some other way: how, what, not onely King but also Proppher, then blessed be the Drapers, is not this a pretty *Sprinsius*, belike hee was at Gods Counsell table and had a vote in the decree, if his prophecy bee true, or it may bee as it is most likely, hee hath drawn up some, muddy, nasty, exhalation by the strength of his pragmatick understanding, and so generated some Cometicall chimerz in his narrow Braynpan, but the matter being by nature hot (and he in a Religious Lunacy) chanced to make an escape through his hog-noddle, and hath by some kind of transmutation in its fall

(or might rather) become a Commet, of no lesse fury then the threatening of our chiefest Governours: is not this a fine swelling piece of vanity and hath certainly beene in the University of Bedlam, as appears by the candor of his crackt wits?

*Pag. 10.* Not like a Madman, or King of the East, but like a beaten Spaniell, or very crafty companion, hee fawns upon him whom hee hath curst by bell, booke, and candle, even my *L. P.* though wee have rayled at you, prayed to God to blast your late proceedings, yet now we will hug you &c. heere is a fine faintling that can imitate the Divell in the Proverb, as to bee so purely good if pleased, or the Satyre in the Fable can blow hot and cold with a breath, but heere thou luke-warme Laodicean, though thou art a King of the East, yet thy huggs, fawnings, prayers, &c. of his Highness my *L. P.* will in no wise extenuate his reverend and Christian esteem of the learned to hearken to such Ignora's as you, lest with your huggs, prayers and closest embraces, you also have ready at hand a sop, with a Haile Master at the end &c.

*Pag. 14.* This King *Symplecius* cautionizeth the honest Protestant, not to winke at what he sees in gifted Christians, but to take heed hee refuse not him that speakes from Heaven, for God gives them gifts without latine phrases though ten thousand refuse it, how; now: what, a King? and King of the East too, and speake against Latine, O'h ignorant Animal! O'h unworthy King of the East!

*I looke for Scholler ship, but it appears*

*Hoods make no Monkes, nor beards Philosophers.*

*Pag. 16.* This *Icarus* will parley with the Ministers too, and sayes truly that of all good men godly Ministers are the best; but a little after as if hee had spoken a left handed truth, tells us they are so in one fence, and sayes also that the setting up of such dull men, is the pulling downe of the gifted, for their preaching is empty, their prying Popsh, &c. (and in *Pag. 66.* wishes his fellow Kings never to stay for Psalme-men or Readers for they may goe all to play, or to plough, or sing *Te Deum*) this sayes King wifesacres Grace pleases for the present but damns in the end; but weel' leave these bluffs and o'd Priests: thus for King *Broomstaffe*, Would any body thinke that his Majesty should bee so forthwith as to thinke that

his Majesty should be so sottish as to thinke that, to sing *To Deum*, were not as good as his nonsensicall prating; for what doth the Animall intend by it? doe we not all know that singing to God is the most acceptablist sacrifice in the world? or did this King Dunder-head thinke the singing *To Deum* had signified somewhat else. beside singing to God? but ile leave this Bactologist who can darme both City and Countrey for going to Marybone, Paddington, &c. and hee calls it to have a licke at Antichrists tayle, I onely aske the Green head this Quere, whether men had not better goe to Mittybone to here a learned Scholler preach? (for such is Doctor *Swadlin*) then to goe to Worcester House to see the Kings of the East throw stones against the wind in the West:

*O simple Blake, O'silly Easterne King.*

*Canst thou damnsfolkes, and not Te Deum sing?*

This Captaine *Cretensis* is still on his march, comming with great threats and brags against the Ministry in Pag. 23 thus, stand away straight, or wee will preach you downe, pray you downe, write you downe, Pull you down hee along &c. — Make room for yong *Pharson*, hee comes loftily mounted with buggs words in his mouth, not like a King of the East, butlike a seven headed *Hydra* or a *Hercules* at least, thus hath his Majesty shewed impudence enough to make himselfe a fool; in barking like an angry Mastiffe at the reverend Ministry, at whose feet this vaine fellow may learne better minners, at least to know his duty toward his neighbour; but it should seeme with his reason he hath abjured all good manners as well as common civillity &c. But

The folly which *King Pluto* dreads, *King Blake* of Covent Garden spread Pag. 60 To shew his power or will rather, hee threatens the poore Gospel Minister or gifted Christian, if he once takes him in a lie, or cheating, &c. hee will hang him at his shop: your Majesty is somewhat too rigid heere, for I question not but were your Grace observed in cutting off but one yard of Cloth, we might finde you guilty of twenty lies, if not a little cheating too: would your goodnesse bee contented if (*Hamman* like) you hand-sell what you have purchased for poor *Mordasay*: but Sir me thinks you deviate wonderfully heere from him who is the true president of Kings, even the Lord Jesus, more mercifull unto *Peter* when hee had



he had not lyed onely, but also foresworne himselfe, but I pass this by as a zealous bolt too soon shot &c.

*Pag. 53.* But to wind up all, his Grace shewes us how fruitfull he would be in his worke, against sin, Satan, Turk, Pope, Divells Mates — Muncks, Punks, Jewes, — Rogues, Rovers, — Pigmongers, Whoremongers, Applemongers, Egg, Corn, Pease, and Baconmongers, — Greedy doggs &c.

Again, to bind up all his legall stuffe in a bundle (as in *Pag. 43* himselfe doth the Scripture) away runs the rabble, (and they must needs run that the Divell drives) the Kings of the East, drive these Locusts to the West, the Divells to their Dens, Imps to their dams, Errors to their homes; all to the Divell, most to the Pope: (O acute Logitian) many to the Mass Priest, the other Priest too and his rale, lustfull, lazy, idle, — Shakers, Quakers, and ungodly Rinters, — and your Turney-jobbers, red fac'd Clarkes, Sawers, Psalme-men, Wardens. Pares. — drunken Readers &c.

*Good King be not so lavish, halfe this stuffe*

*Will make a Coite, to prove you foole enough.*

Thus you see how his Majesty foams at mouth, and beats himselfe as if hee were in a Religious Lunacy, (*Alias* the falling Sicknes) or else most deeply troubled with *Defluxionem per caput verticillans in Nervicrassam obtusamque*, which makes him thus to Glander and sling about his tilch. But I have honored this [*Sublimum*] caput too much already, I forbear, yet since he hath Adventured upon the stage, my muse accounts him somewhat deserving, *Ergo*: in the name of *Democritus*, I dub him an honorable fellow.

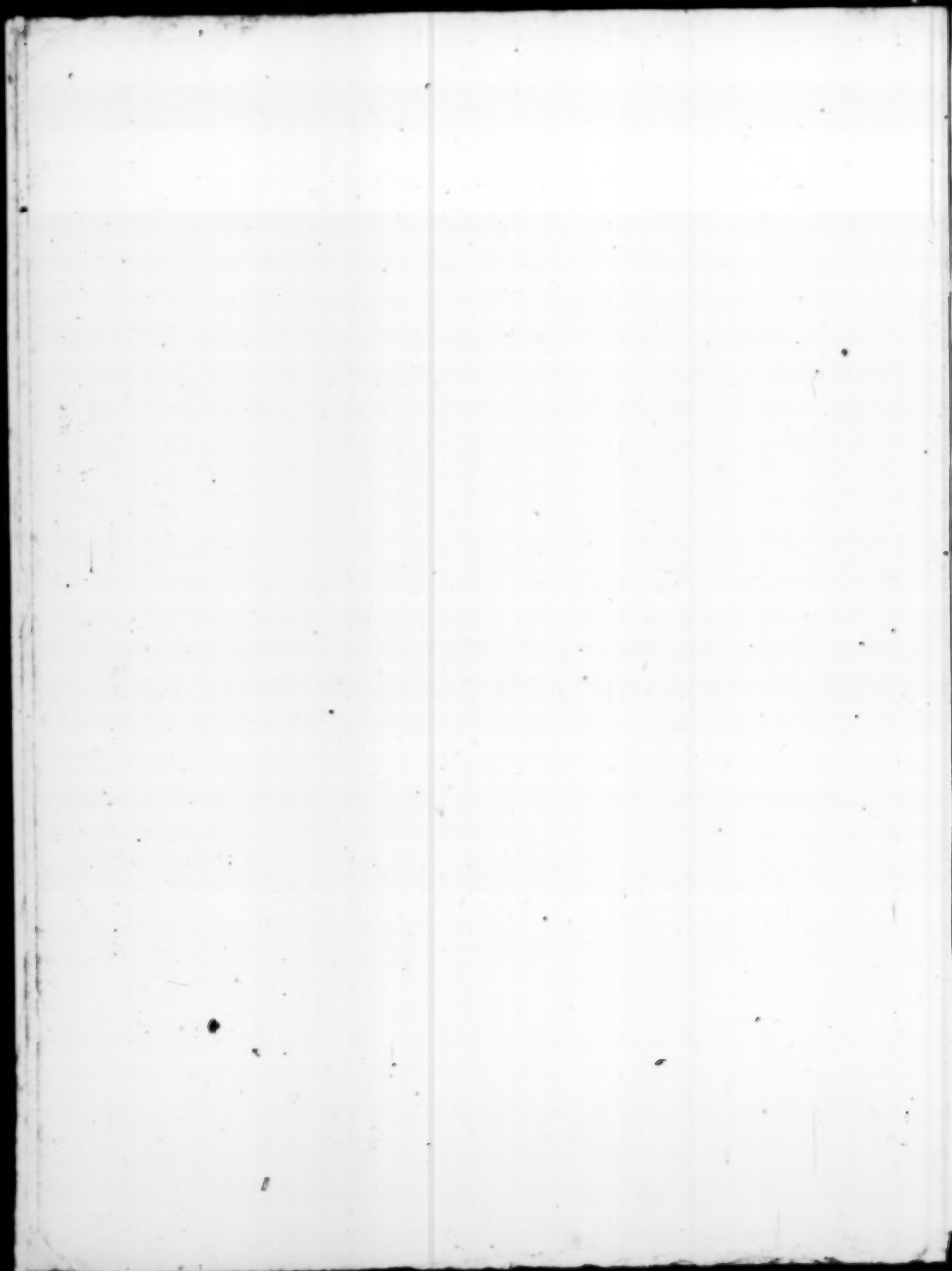
*Rise up Will Blake, mount up (alas)!*

*An Eastern King, or English Asse.*

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FINIS.

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## To the Reader.

**I** Had not noted this Palpit-monsters ignorance, had hee not carped at the regular course of nature, he might haue bin a writer, and Preacher, ex argillo in luto confecti, still, had hee bin so wise as not to haue betrayd his ignorance, in joyning world gazing, and stargazing together, and carping at the glory of Science, a thing he so little understands, but Scientia non habet inimicum nisi ignorantem, if his speculation be so diuine and piercing, that he thinks he can gaze beyond the stars, or above them, hee must know hee cannot doe that unlesse he first gaze up to them, or else (to make his position good) he must pull out those oculus out of his owne head, and gaze only by Oculi fidei, or the world and stars (to use his Majesties Dialect) those carnall objects, will betray his ignorant sight, so long, as those carnall eyes, haue a prospect out of that capitis of his, &c. But

Fox-like he flights those things he cannot Reach,  
He pray for Prophets, when such Asses Preach.